The Student Doctors gather around the Young Doctor. Pushing and shoving. Nudging and winking. Some of the students are tippling on the sly. Others are obviously cracking risque jokes.

Now began a strange exhibition. All around, on the seats of an amphitheatre, were stretched a hundred young fellows, some of whom were near to me, and you, dear Professor, were among these; the others were higher up and more distant. Oh! how many eyes were fixed on my members, which I, through all my life had so modestly guarded, excepting on occasions in which I was rather discreet. How many complimentary epigrams did I hear!

The Young Doctor puts on a pair of strange glasses. He begins to examine the brain of Mental Health.

One long, lean gentleman, with a thin gray beard below the chin, and a pair of spectacles on his nose (he was very like you, [Dr. Workman], and wearing a long, black, glossy cloak, came near where my head was placed on a wooden pillow.

The Young Doctor removes a large saw from the "SPARE PARTS" box, and begins to remove the skull of Mental Health.

An iron hand squeezed my face and pressed it against the hard cushion; I then heard a sharp blade running round my head, from which the hair was removed, and the skin was cut down to the bone.